

BORED? DEPRESSED? DOING TIME?

PROG 497
22 NOV 86

**ISO
CUBE
13**

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

\$1.80 Malaysia
20c Australia
77c New Zealand
(inc. G.S.T.)
88g Mercury
210g Venus
85g Mars
110g Saturn
2g Pluto
429g Neptune

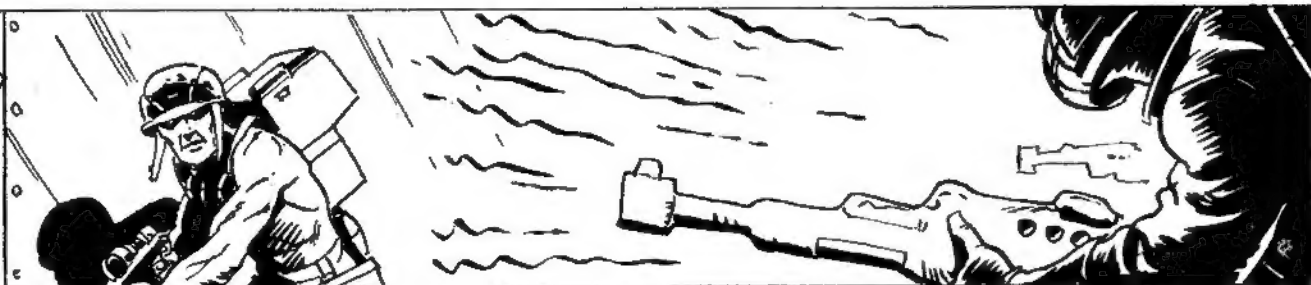
26p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

ESCAPE
INTO THE
FUTURE!



THERE'S NO
TIME TO
WONDER HOW
THEY FOUND
YOU OUT...



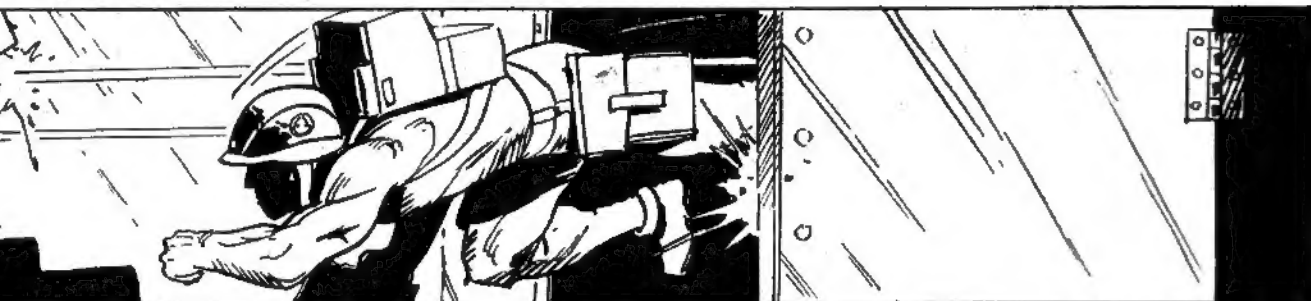
NO TIME TO
ASK YOUR
BIOCHIPPED
BUDDIES
FOR HELP...



NO TIME TO
DO ANYTHING
EXCEPT GET
THE HELL OUT
OF THERE...



...HOPING YOUR
FLESH WON'T
GET TORN TO
SHREDS AS
YOU GO...



...AND YOU'LL
LIVE TO GET
AWAY WITH
IT ANOTHER
TIME.

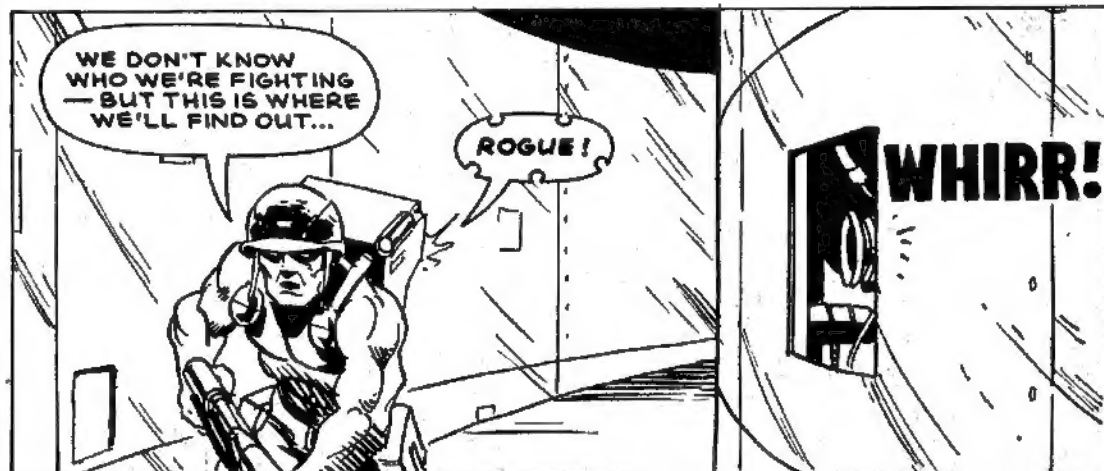


ROGUE TROOPER

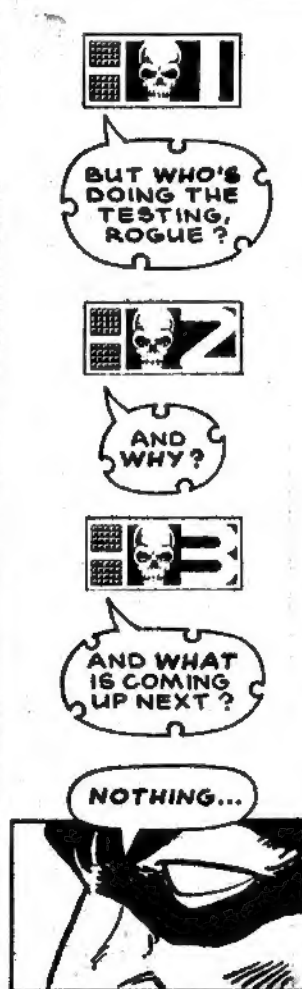
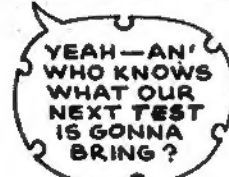
TESTING. TESTING...

SLAM!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GELLER/MACMANUS
ART ROBOT
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING ROBOT
GORDON ROBSON
COMPU-73E









Next
Prog

THE EXECUTIONER!

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

This zarjaz issue of the galaxy's greatest comic is so crammed with thrills that I, Tharg the Brill, have been forced to alter my programming in order to make room for them all. This prog's episode of *Sooner Or Later*, currently screeching towards a scrotnig finale, will now be held over until next prog....next prog's episode, closer still to the scrotnig finale, will then be carried over to Prog 499....while Prog 499's original episode, the scrotnig finale itself, will remain in that issue - thereby knocking your circuits into shape for my epoch-making Prog 500. Got it? Good...that leaves me just enough space to announce an appearance by droids Alan Moore & Ian Gibson at leading thrill-merchants Forbidden Planet (23 Denmark Street London: nearest tube Tottenham Court Road) on Saturday 22 November Earth time. From 12 to 2 this celebrated pair will be signing editions of *Halo Jones Book 3* and *D.R. & Quinch's Guide To Life*...but be sure to get your pen back off them, don't wear any jewellery on your hands, and remember to count your fingers afterwards!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

DREDD'S DARK SECRET

*11



Drawn by Earthlet Moonboot, Bracknell. £10 Winner.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, THE COMMAND MODULE, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

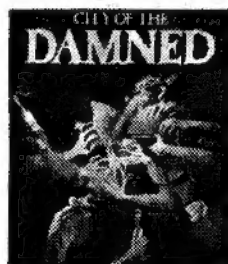
List your three favourite stories IN THIS PRG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.
2.
3.

I Dislike:
My Age is **497**

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ROGUE TROOPER
In Rogue Trooper Book Five, Rogue treads the war-torn battlefields of Nu-Earth, discovering garrison after garrison of Souther troops gripped by a plague which causes mental instability. Written by Gerry Finley-Day with art by Cam Kennedy and Brett Ewins. Cover by Walt Simonson. 88 pages, £5.75.

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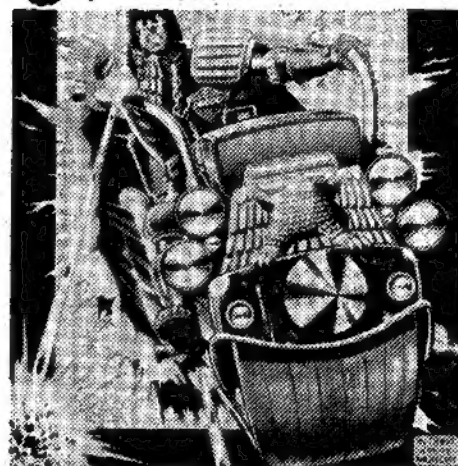
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JUDGE DREDD



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THROUGH A MAZE OF
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ROYAL CHARITY PREMIERE
in the presence of
HRH THE PRINCE AND
PRINCESS OF WALES
in aid of
The Museum of the Moving Image
ODEON LEICESTER SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.2
Monday December 1st 1986

HENSON ASSOCIATES, INC. AND TEGACAST FILMS LTD. PRESENT A JIM HENSON FILM DAVID BOWIE JENNIFER CONNELLEY LABYRINTH GEORGE LUCAS JIM HENSON
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JOHN GOWER DAVID COLEZ STEVE WHITMIRE KAREN PELL RON MUKAT KEVIN CLASH SHARON WEINER ANTHONY ASHBY BRIAN HENSON AND FRANK OZ

STARTS TUESDAY DECEMBER 2 AT CINEMAS ACROSS THE COUNTRY!

(FOR LONDON ODEON AND ABC DETAILS RING TELEDATA 01 200 0200)

Sláine

ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE QUEST, WE APPROACHED THE STAR SIGN OF THE ARCHER...

IT'S AN OBBY OSS*, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY EXISTED!

*OR HOBBY HORSE... BRITISH NAME FOR A CENTAUR.

SCRIPT:
PAT MILLS
ART:
COLLINS/FARMER
LETTERING:
STEVE POTTER

AT BELTANE (MAY DAY), A VILLAGER WOULD DRESS UP AS AN OSS AND CHASE THE TEASERS...

MAIDENS WHO'D DANCE AND LEAP ABOUT IN FRONT OF HIM, TAUNTING HIM...

OSS!
OSS! WEE
OSS!

AND IF THE OSS COVERED ONE WITH HIS SKIRT, IT WAS SAID SHE'D HAVE GOOD LUCK. ALL NIGHT THE CHASE WENT ON UNTIL THE OSS SANK DOWN AND 'DIED' FROM EXHAUSTION...

THEN EVERYONE WOULD DANCE ROUND THE MAYPOLE AND SING...



WHAT'S THE
PURPOSE OF THIS
TASK, NEST?

TO SEE
IF SLAINE
HAS THE ROYAL
QUALITIES
OF THE
ARCHER...

"STRONG..."



"ATHLETIC..."

"AND CAN LAUGH THEM OFF
WITH A MERRY QUIP."

"A LOVER OF TRAVEL..."



"WHO IS PREPARED
FOR SET-BACKS..."



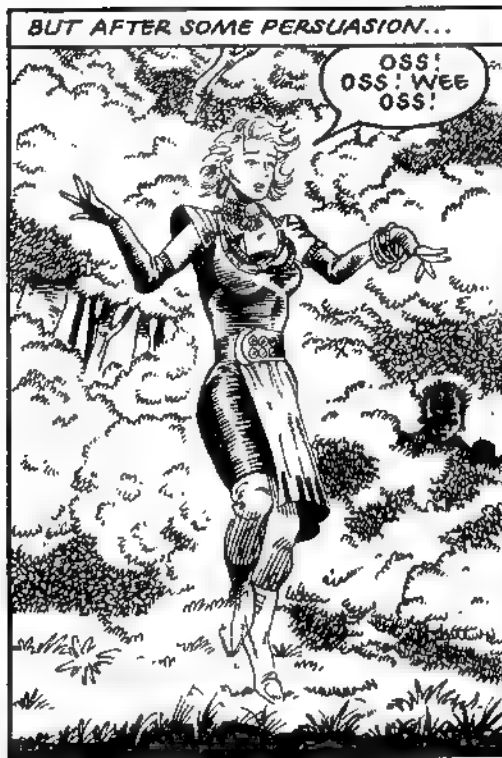
SOTH!





THE GARDENERS TENDED THE ZODIAC...
OUTLINING THE GIANTS' SHAPES WITH
FLOWERS AND SHRUBS...







OH, LOOK AT HIS REAL HEAD UNDER—

—A UNICORN?!



THE UNICORN! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND THE MOST EVIL OF BEASTS... CRUEL AND UNNATURAL... THAT CAN ONLY BE CAPTURED BY A TRUE MAIDEN...



...WHO MAKES IT FORGET ITS FIERCENESS BY WARMING IT WITH HER LOVE.

QUICKLY, SLAINE...



KILL IT!



I'VE HEARD TERRIBLE STORIES ABOUT THOSE CREATURES... THANK LUG YOU WERE IN TIME!



WE SHOULD HAVE REALISED... THE CLUE WAS IN THE SKY— SEE HOW THE UNICORN EMERGES FROM UNDER THE MAN-HORSE?

THE GOLDEN ARROW OF THE SUN... REPLACED BY THE SILVER HORN OF THE MOON...



AH, YES! THE UNICORN'S FABLED SILVER HORN!

TREASURE AT LAST!



THERE'S
NO TIME! ITS
COMPANIONS
WANT
REVENGE!

I'M
READY
FOR
THEM!

I'M NOT!

CAUTION, SLÁINE!
THAT IS THE ROYAL
QUALITY OF THIS
SIGN!

COME
ON!

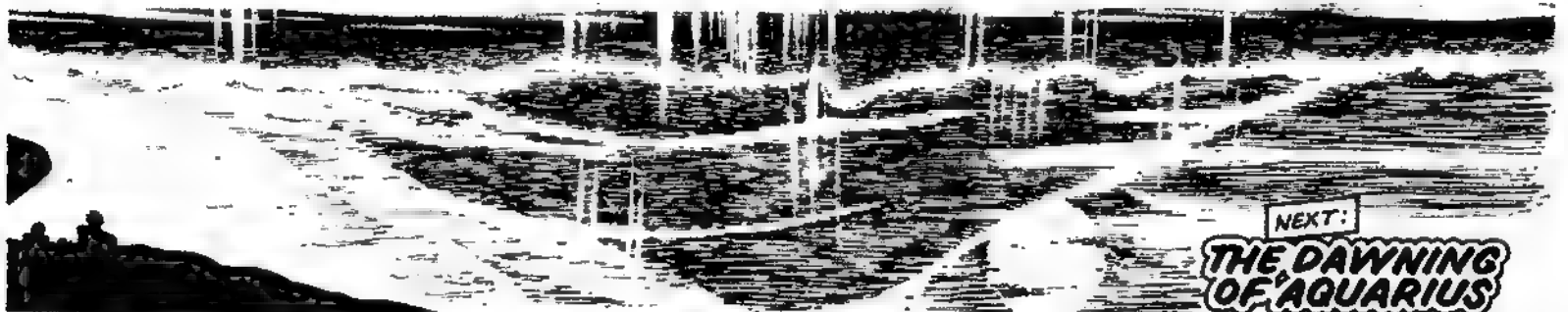
YOU MEAN...
RUN AWAY?



SO YOU CAN
FIGHT ANOTHER
DAY!

WE LOST THEM IN THE MIST RISING OVER THE LEVELS...
AND THEN AHEAD WE SAW, LOOMING OUT OF THE HAZE...
GLASTONBURY TOR...THE SACRED ISLE OF GLASS...

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS...
CAER SIDI...
THE CASTLE OF THE
STARS!



NEXT:
**THE DAWNING
OF AQUARIUS**

JUDGE DREDD

TOMB OF THE JUDGES!

My Ghosts told me the world was created by a giant insect. His name was José. Or was it Steve...? The Ghosts are seldom clear on these matters.

José created the seas and the skies, and the plants and the animals. Then José created man (though not in his own image ~ otherwise we'd all have six legs and antennae). Of course, I found this hard to believe at first, but as the Ghosts spoke to me, patiently explained, I came at last to see the truth...



SCRIPT
WAGNER/GRANT
ART
IAN G BSON
LETTERING
T FRAME

...that this world is but a shadow... a shadow of a shadow ~ a mirage within a mirage... that only José is, was and always will be. Only José has substance ~ only José can answer the Eternal Question.

SCRIT! SCRIT!

And soon now I shall make my journey through the sinister sidewalks and skeds of Helt. And when I reach that hallowed land I shall, by my devotions and denials in this life, have earned the right to stand before him and boldly ask ~

WHY, JOSÉ?
WHY?

Or should that
be Steve?

Time is short now. The moon scuds across the heavens towards its appointed place.

Even now my minions scour the streets in search of the remaining Guardians

CONTROL -
GOOGAN HERE!
SCRUB THAT
FIRE REPORT -
LOOKS LIKE
JUVES. WE'LL
DEAL WITH
IT.

PTOO!

PTOO!

UH??

MESSAGE RECEIVED.
REPORT IN WHEN
YOU'RE FINISHED.

Two Guardians to join the one who waits, trapped within the suffocating walls of her sarcophagus...

She wakes now. I can feel her terror. I can sense her ~ screaming, screaming ~ deep within the tomb.

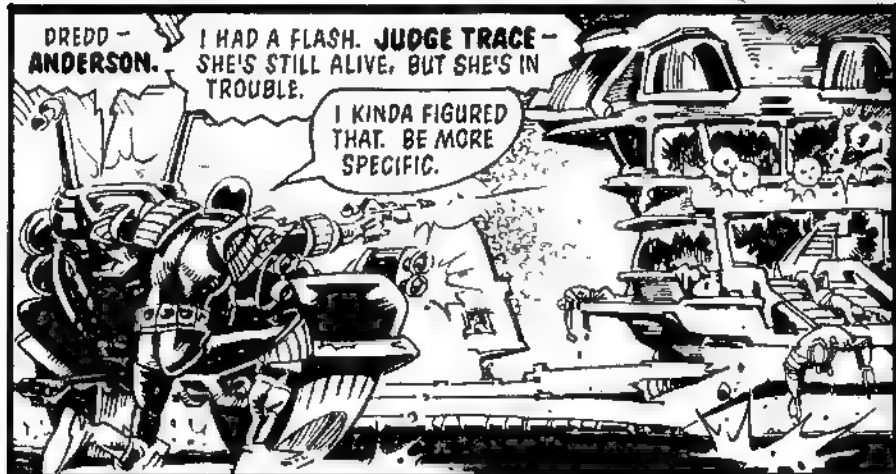
Scream on, my dear! Scream for José ~ and for me!



DREDD -
ANDERSON.

I HAD A FLASH. JUDGE TRACE -
SHE'S STILL ALIVE, BUT SHE'S IN
TROUBLE.

I KINDA FIGURED
THAT. BE MORE
SPECIFIC.



I DON'T KNOW.
WAIT...



SHE'S TRAPPED SOMEWHERE... A
CAGE... NO! SOME KIND OF... OF
COFFIN...

YES! IT'S A TOMB.
SHE'S IN A STONE TOMB.



SHE CAN'T
TAKE IT!
SHE'S
SCREAMING-
SCREAMING-

SHE'S
LOSING
HER MIND,
DREDD!

TRY TO
GET A FIX
ON HER.



IT'S CONFUSED - TERROR'S BLURRING
EVERYTHING... THE BASIN STREET
AREA, SOMEWHERE ROUND THERE!

MIGHT GET A CLEARER IMPRESSION
ON THE GROUND. I'LL MEET YOU IN
THE BASIN - TEN MINUTES.

ON MY
WAY.





SYVER TO DREDD.
I'M ON A BACKLOT
ON THE POLANSKI
SPRAWL.

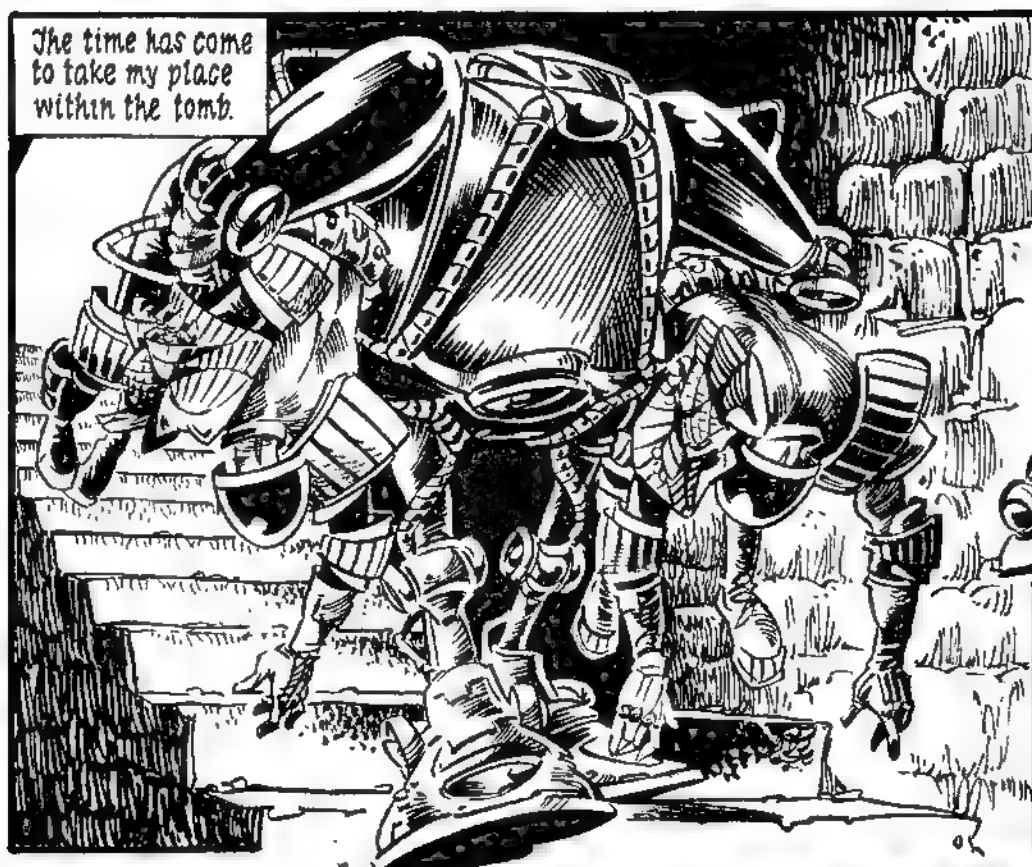
GOT GOOGAN AND
GROSSFEG'S BIKES.
SIGNS OF A SCUFFLE —
NO SIGN OF THEM.



ALSO FOUND
TWO EMPTY
TRANS DART
CARTRIDGES.



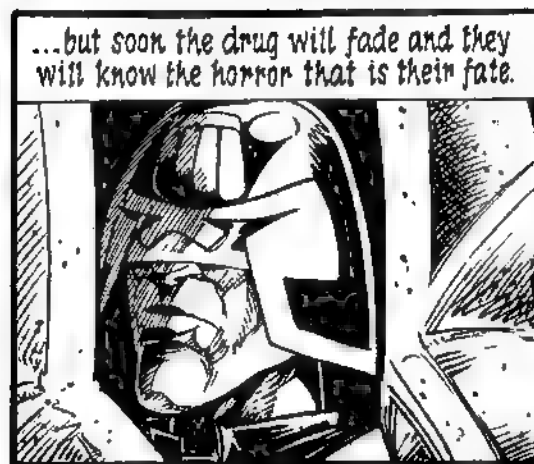
SAME M.O. AS TRACE'S KIDNAPPERS.
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S COLLECTING
JUDGES.



The time has come
to take my place
within the tomb.



The two have come to join the one.
They sleep still, my Guardians...



...but soon the drug will fade and they
will know the horror that is their fate.

My Ghosts come to me again as I am lifted into the casket. Their voices are shrill, keening. It is my death dirge.



The notes fill the chamber and I join with them in one last joyous hymn of supplication to the divine insect...



It remains only to seal the tomb.



My death will be slow and agonising, for I have prepared a potent poison. It is but a prelude to the tribulations I must face with my trusty Guardians before I gaze upon the radiance of José.

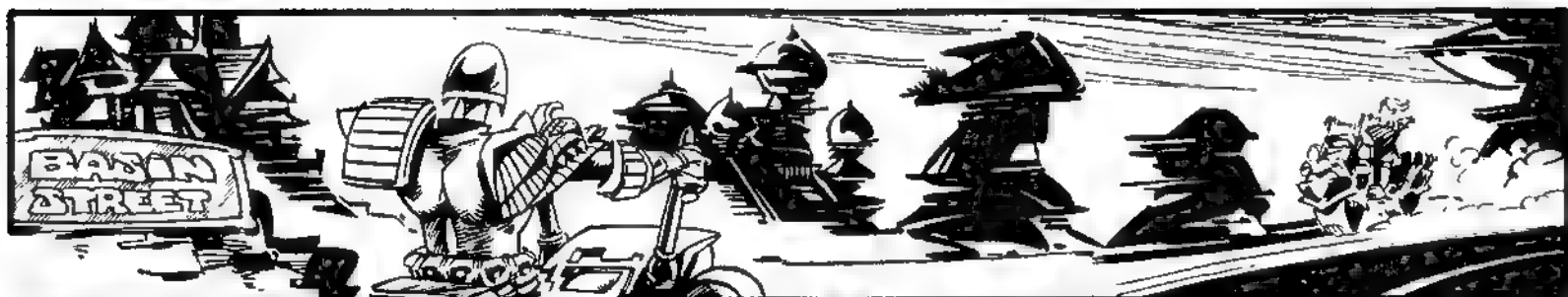


And so I bid farewell to this sordid world. These are the last writings of Theobald Wen.

Should in the eons to come this tomb be discovered, mourn not for me. For I have gone to meet José...



...or is it Steve?



ACE TRUCKING CO. The Garpetbaggers

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL, HORRORVILLE—
WHERE OUR HEROES
HAVE AT LAST FOUND
THE FABLED TREASURE
OF MOVIEOLA—

WE'S RICH,
GOOD BUDDIES!
RICH!





IT'S HOLLYWOOD JEWELLERY,
SHIPMATES - ALL FAKES! JUST
LIKE THE MOVIES - ALL GLITTER
AN' TINSEL AN' VERY LITTLE
BESIDES!

NOW IF YE'LL
BE SO KIND, I'LL
BE HAVIN' YOUR
BLASTERS.



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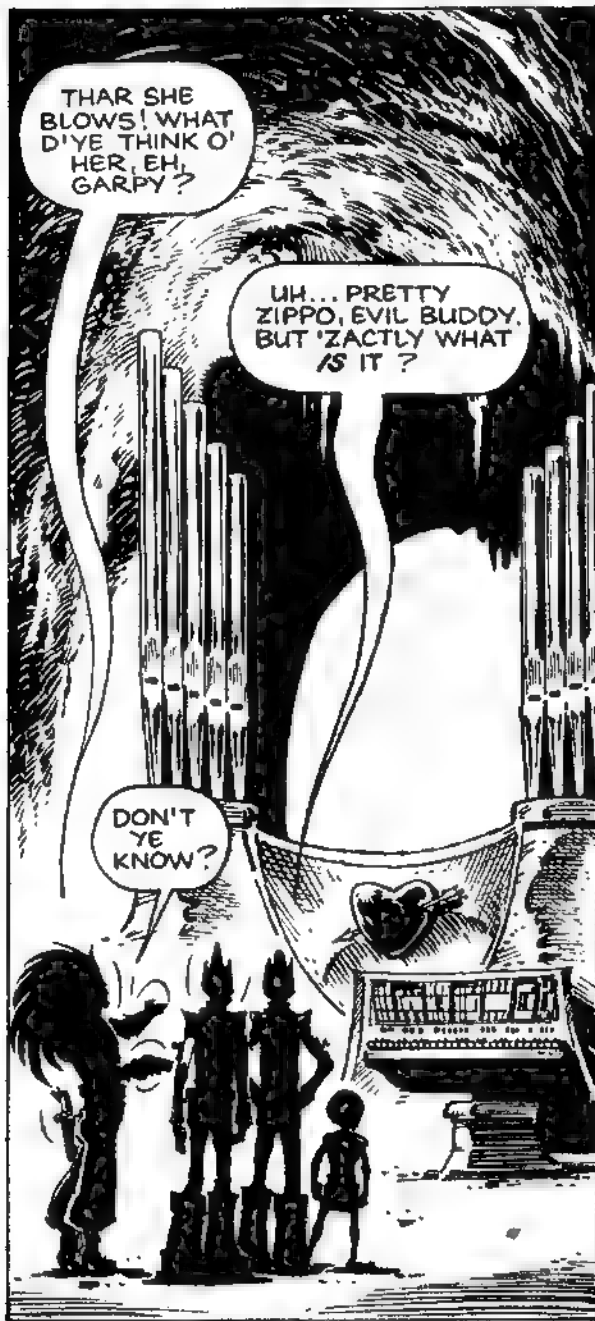


I'LL SHOW YE,
STEP ALONG SHARPISH
NOW!

OW!



SEE, THIS WHOLE
UNDERGROUND CAVERN
IS A STOREHOUSE FOR
ALL THE OLD MOVIE PROPS.
AN' THERE'S ONE PROP
THAT'S OF SPECIAL
INTEREST TO ME—
AN' BY EXTENSION,
YER DEVIOUS
SELVES!



THAR SHE
BLOWS! WHAT
D'YE THINK O'
HER, EH,
GARPY?

UH... PRETTY
ZIPPO, EVIL BUDDY,
BUT 'ZACTLY WHAT
'S IT?

DON'T
YE
KNOW?



DON'T YE FEEL THE TINIEST
TINGLE O' IMMINENT *TERROR*
JUST A-GAZIN' ON IT?

IT'S DURAN DURAN'S LOVE
MACHINE FROM THE MOVIE
BARBYRELLY— ONLY IN YOUR
CASE, IT'LL BE MORE O' A
HATE MACHINE!



RIGHT—
IN YE GO
NOW!

YOU TOO,
BILLY BONES!
NO REASON WHY
YOU SHOULDN'T
JOIN IN THE
FUN!

FEEL CAN
THINK OF
HUNDRED!



YE SEE, GARPS—I *HATES* YE! I
HATES YE WITH A PASSION THAT
FILLS ME EVERY WAKIN' MOMENT—
NOT TO MENTION ME DREAMS
AS WELL!

SIMPLE KILLIN'
AIN'T ENOUGH FOR YE. IT HAD
TO BE *MORE*. I SPENT LONG
MONTHS A-TRYIN' TO FIGURE
OUT HOW I COULD DO YE
JUSTICE, AN' FINALLY IT
HIT ME...

A TORTURE
MACHINE, AN'
YOU IN IT,
FOREVER!

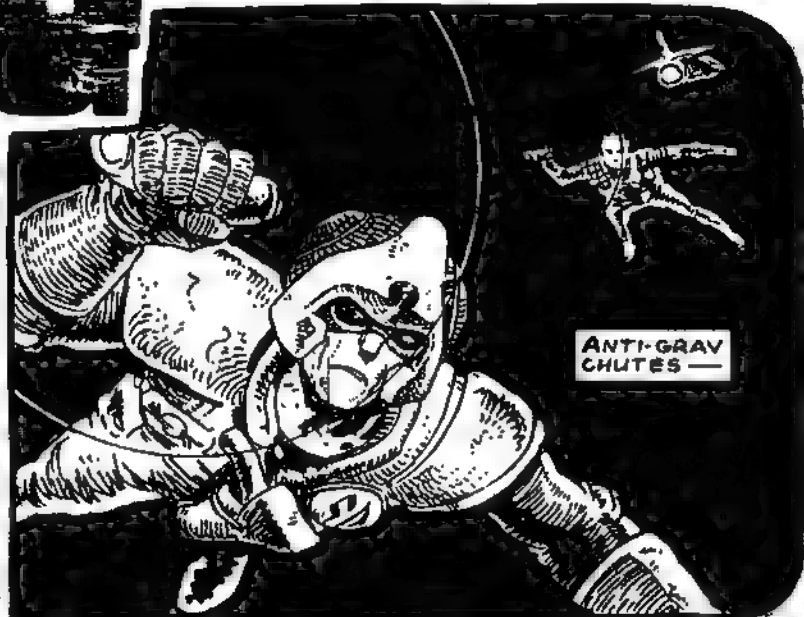




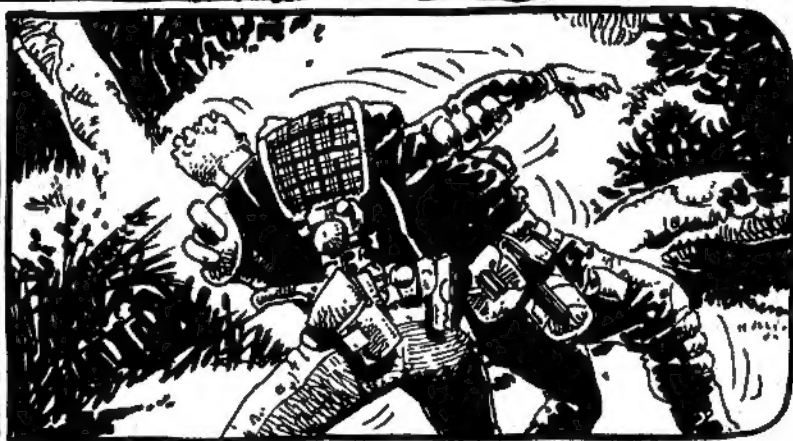
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STRONTIUM DOG

WAR! ZONE.







THE MUTANT'S ALPHA EYES BORE INTO THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, STRIPPING AWAY HIS RESISTANCE —



INTRODUCING THE TREMENDOUS TRIO

CHARLES 'THE BRAIN'
HENRY 'MUSCLES'
AND
PETER K. BOT

CHARLES, HENRY AND PETER K. BOT
HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THEIR
BOX TO SORT OUT AN URGENT
PROBLEM. THERE IS A ROGUE
VACUUM-CLEANER RUNNING WILD
IN THE LIVING ROOM, AND THE
MISSION IS TO **SEEK OUT
AND DISABLE!!**

RIGHT, MEN,
GO GET IT!

HERE'S WHAT
WE'RE GOING
TO DO, BOYS.

LOOK
OUT!

LEAVE IT
TO ME.

WELL DONE,
CHAPS!

OH, IT WAS
NOTHING,
REALLY.

WHAT YOU MIGHT
CALL A SUCCESSFUL
CLEAN-UP
OPERATION, WOULDN'T
YOU SAY?



CHARLES is the brainy one. He can sing, dance, draw and write. His infra-red remote control means that you can operate him from up to 40 feet away. And his long memory (40 commands) can also be programmed.

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